

94

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Numb. I.

English Lucian ;

O R,

MODERN DIALOGUES

BETWEEN

A Vintner and his Wife.

A Reformer of Manners and his Wife,

-AND-

A Captain of the Guards.

A Master of Arts, and

A Lady's Woman.

MAY.

L O N D O N: Printed for John Nutt near Stationers-
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THE P R E F A C E.

THE Design of continuing these Dialogues Monthly may be an Excuse for a Preface. The Success and Applause of Erasmus's Excellent Colloquies, and some other Dialogues, will make an Apology for these, and 'tis pity but we had a good Key to those of Lucian (as I am satisfied from most of his Commentators we have not) then we should, I believe, find more Spirit in some of 'em, than can be now perceiv'd. I mention this to show the Usefulness of this way of Writing, which is to Instruct, Correct, and perhaps Divert: those who despise a Tag'd line or a Piece of Poetry, may chance to look upon such a thing as this; And Tom Double has had Deservedly more Success than many a quaint Poem. An Idle Beau, an Abandon'd Rake, a Villain in Business, or an Impertinent Coquet, may find time to cast their Eyes upon a Dialogue, when they won't upon a longer and a graver Discourse; These as they are of different Subjects, so the Style must of Necessity differ, and whether they will be more acceptable than a Continued Scene of Merriment, which is aim'd at in late Letters, &c. must be left to the Proof of the Reader's Satisfaction, and the Bookseller's Profit; but if Variety (even in Trifles) has any Charms in this Fickle Age, This may bid as fair as its Contemporaries. However fictitious they seem to be, there is more Reality in them, than can well be told and explain'd yet; and if some Persons have a knack at Writing Sermons, others at Taking Tryals, (as many Painters have of Drawing Resemblances by a Transient View) So this unknown Author has a Way his Neighbours have not, of producing to the World something of this Nature, unless they will Scribble Fables; and if these are Successful, Time may produce a Key to show there is more Truth than Invention in them. As for any Excuse or Pleading for these Discourses, the Author intends none, they were written for his Amusement, and good Reader, they may be thine. The Characters here are general, and if any resemble too nearly, Qui capit, &c. let those who are hit stand out of Harms way. There is nothing here which an honest Englishman, and a true Lover of his Country may not write, and which an honest Englishman can be offended at; and for any others, did the Author publickly appear, he would value neither their Applause, Censures nor Resentments.

But in the Name of Goodness, Why this Gravity, (says an airy Spark, or a lively Lass) Does this Prattle-monger design his Scribble to be like a
Spanish

The PREFACE.

Spanish House, with a dark, dull Porch before it. I wou'd (*Cries he*) have it as brisk as a Squire new return'd from Travel; as gay as a *Flea-picker* newly dubb'd a *Mistress*, and fuller of Wagery and Gigue than a *Saturday's Epsom Assembly* of Burgers and their Wives; or a Knot of *Coridons* and their freckl'd Females over a Syllabub and a Stand of Ale. I'd have (*says a grave News-Reader and Stock-Jobber*) Discourses of the Trade of the Nation. *The Trade of a Coxcomb*, *Mr. Knave*, you'd have more *Ways to Cheat*; there are several honest and useful Tracts on that Subject more than you are able to understand, or willing to put in practice. For a Preface, I expected (*cries the idle Fellow, embroider'd with Greek and Latin, call'd a Critick*) *A Treatise of the Antiquity, Nature, and Writers, &c. of Dialogues from Thespis's Cart, down to the last New Chatting Plays without Plots*: To give him a little Satisfaction in three words, let him read a Book he don't trouble himself much with, *The Bible*, and he'll find the Book of Job the Noblest, as well as the Antientest of all Dialogue Writing. Why is there not some Love here (*says the Amorous Female of high or low Degree*) even in the dullest Plays, there may be one Charming, Feeling Scene. *Why, you shall have a May-Pole, Madamofelle, Do you think the Author has not been made Fool enough by some of you, to be able to give Hints of your Ways and Means? 'Tis two to one, but your Influence, and a little entring into your Conversation, may enable him to describe a Sham-Fit, a Brumingham Protestation, a Lying Billadeux, and an Affected Tendernefs of some Damsel, who Laughs at every thing that's Sincere, Cares for no body but her self, or a dirty Irish-fashion'd Fool in a Corner. They have odd Turns of Fortune-happen to their Sex, as well as we to ours; and it's not strange to see those whom an old Dotard, or an Unfledg'd Heir, for no visible Reason, have mounted from the Scullery to the Coach; Others who from good Birth and Education, with the help of Beauty, Wit, Love, and a Dear She-Friend and Confident, have before Thirty departed this Loving Life in a Gaol or a Garret, by Diseases and Brandy. The heaving and setting of this inconstant World: especially in this variable Town, makes great Alterations, and often very Lamentable ones, in those who are not steer'd, and kept up, by Virtue and Principles: Those who are, find such Satisfaction, that Wealth and Splendor can't yield, and they really may be as little concern'd at Satyr and Ridicule, as Court Smoak-sellers, Knavish Lawyers, Unrighteous Informers, or Evidences, are for their Reputations.*

* * For the Month of June, the Continuation of these Dialogues: The 1st. between *Mr. Tradewell a Merchant, William Snivel a Quaker-Speaker, and Mr.----- an Actor at one of the Theatres.* The 2d. between *Sir John Forreign, Coll. English, and two or three Frenchmen on Tunbridge-Walks.*

A
DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

Ralph Mixington, a City Vintner,

AND

JENNY his Wife.

Jen. A Fine Trade this ! Mr. *Mixington* when our own Trade declines so visibly.
R. What ! Was it for this you Leer'd upon me so, and wink'd me up into the Bed-Chamber ? I thought I should have been quit of you for 2 or 3 dissembling Kisses, and parting with my Ready Cash, now I'm going out of Town this *Saturday* in the Afternoon.

Jen. Your ready Cash ! I know of none you have ; you're a Beggar in all Senses.

R. Well Madam, no matter whether I'm rich or poor, but I can tell your wealthy Ladyship, that all *Lombard-street* can't fill a Money Bag without a Bottom.

Jen. Oh my Heart [*Cries*] Soh ! To the Misery of approaching Poverty we must have, aiming at Wit, come in for an additional Plague.

R. Let it approach as it will ; a Jolly Conceit, a Merry Glass, and a Ratling Noddle are proof against it, but a Wife clenches it to us ; and such a Wife too as is a certain help-mate to Vexation.

Jen. And yet without this help-mate thou had'st been as wretched a Stair-Ambler as ever carried a Role after an Oyster-woman.

R. And without this, Stair-Trotter, thou had'st been still in an Eighteen-penny Lodging in the noble *White-Fryers*, or a worse Place ; and Butter'd Wheat and Cheese would never have plump'd up your Countenance to be the wonder of the Ward.

Jen. Was it not by my Credit with the Merchants that I set thee up ?

R. Yes Madam, your Credit has been as remarkable as my Reputation ; never was Man so set up : What between the *Jews Synagogue*, the *French*

B

Huguenot

Hugonot, Phanatick-Meetings, and the Ambassadors Popish-Chappel, I've had more Religious and National Clubs to the Rigging me out, than there go to the compleating a Confederate-Army.

Jen. Ungrateful Wretch as thou art ! Is this Requiting thy poor Wife, and the Worthy Gentlemen that put thee into Business ?

R. Ay Child, and they put Business into thee, found thee Employment, and me Leisure, and now at last will do my Business.

Jen. Can you blame Careful Men for looking out, when they meet an Owl with a Wig like a new-Curl'd Distaff, with his Red top'd Tripe Jocky-Buskins, girdled about the Loins like a Monkey, Galloping to *Epsom*, and find his House as Empty as an *Islington* Musick-House in the midst of Winter.

R. And perhaps the poor Pains-taking Woman in her Helmet of a Vizard-Mask, and her Fighting-Suit without Stayes, is Galloping as fast in a Hackney-Coach with an Impudent, Chattering, Wall-Ey'd Forreigner to the other End of the Town.

Jen. Infamous Scandal ! Your Servants, nay your self know I constantly keep home when you are out.

R. Yes, by the same Token I found you once in your Chamber, when I came Home unexpectedly, with a Touz'd Head, a Breast open (for Air I suppose) a blowzing Colour, two Bottles and Dr. *Pulse*, and then 'twas whisper'd, *Lord, my Dear, you come most opportunely to give the Doctor a Fee for Relieving me from the Terriblest Fit I ever felt*, (and thou hast felt many, that I'll say) so the Doctor, though I gave him a good Fee, look'd like a Fool, thou like a Beast, and I like a Monster.

Jen. Thou deserv'st it for censuring me so barbarously that was at Death's Door.

R. No. no, thy Chief Confident, Sandy-hair'd *Sue* shou'd have been at the Door. How could the Doctor, (whom the Devil Pill) relieve thee, when *Sans. Bum-poke* the Apothecary had not been in the House with any Medicine.

Jen. With his own Drops out of his Pocket.

R. And two Bottles of *Burgundy*.

Jen. Yes Wretch, of the same that I Dog'd two Hampers full to the black-Ey'd Damsel's Lodgings in *Covent-garden*, that went for the Wife of a Custom-House Officer, who was decipher'd to me with your very Cloaths, Sneer, and Nose.

R. Not quite so exactly as your tall Ladyship and Orange-colour'd *Sue* were describ'd coming out of Chambers in the *Temple* on a *Monday* Morning, when Lord knows ever since *Saturday* Afternoon you were at Alderman *Rounceful's* Country-House with his Lady.

Jen. Your Informer was a Villain and a Lyar ; but what can I expect from one that must have his Whisk-playing Meetings, his Joaking Clubs, and Tribe of Wits about him, Trip-writers, Ballad-Scribes, and City Poets.

R. A better Assembly than your dear Mrs. *Gulphington* the Midwife, Madam *Franshimange* the French Mantua-maker, the Indian Woman, Mrs. *Decoy*, and Col. *Quester's* Tricking Widdow, that is both Jacobite and Dutch-woman, Merchandizer, Wit and Bawd, *Jew* and *Gentile*.

Jen. Foul Mouth, you measure others by your Heathenish self, and Paganly Companions.

R. Prithee when thou Attack'st my Christianity, don't clap in the *Jew* too, thou hast too much Skill in Circumcision.

Jen. Brute.

Jen. Brute-- you had been low enough but for some of them ; is not Wealth your Aim?

R. Ay *Jenny*, and if Pleasure is thine, prithee take a better Mark; by *Bacchus*, it's the Devil indeed to have an Envoy Extraordinary from him in a Composition of cheating an *Amsterdammer*, a *Pagode Mulatto Portugese*: Why I'd as live be Rivall'd by the *Man-Teger*.

Jen. [Laughs] Well, well, you expresse your self Whimsically, I'll pass by your Scurrilous Malice, and give you your Saying and your Way.

R. Ay *Jenny*, and my Reward too when time serves [*aside*] either the Jade has hit my blind-side, or I have really conquer'd her by my Wit. Gad, I think too, thou Ape, that thou hast Wit, tho' thou wert plaguy silent before I had thee.

Jen. You took me for my *Beauty*, and swore I excelled all the Colours that ever glorious Wine reflected on Mortals, and my Kisses more delicious than any Nectar the Sun ever began, or Artist finish'd from the Grape, and if you find some Wit and Sense besides, it's more than expected, and above the bargain.

R. Ay *Jenny*, 'tis more, as the *Witch* covenants with the *Devil* for Wealth, and has Damnation into the bargain.

Jen. Well expresse'd, but come *Rafee* [*stroaks him*] no more Satyr.

R. Well *Jenny*, no more Swaggering nor Uneasiness, and to satisfy thee, things are better than thou think'st; for the 2 Country Vintners, and the Widow of the Inn that I fear'd would have sunk me float aloft bravely, are able to pay me, and let me get twice as much by 'em.

Jen. Prithee how?

R. Why *Bob Cyder-Twist* has an Uncle, Teacher to a private Congregation, that's dead, and left him 3000 *l.* I wish he don't leave off our Trade and succeed him in his.

Jen. Never fear it, he's too much a Rake.

R. O Lard ! fie ! When a Man is Wealthy, he is always Reform'd.

Jen. And *Nick Shatter*.

R. His Elder Brother's dead, and has left him 300 *l. per An.* He's to marry, and has already converted his Cousin the Crooked One-ey'd Quaker, and I have a Letter for thee to buy them all Necessaries for the Wedding; but the sharp Western Widow *Scramble*, is a Jewel.

Jen. How ? *Rafee* !

R. She and her Quarter-master Capt. *Slice* did the business, *Slice* gets old Afore said the Attorney's Daughter *Nell* with Bastard, the old Rogue sends her to the *West Indies*, then marries *Scramble*, and she has clapt him into a *Mad house*.

Jen. Get in that Debt immediately, take care of that same Quarter-master.

R. No fear-- I have them both under *Black* and *White*, *Wax* and *Parchment*, *Lock* and *Key*; I'm her Trustee, the Money is order'd, and as much more as takes off all the Trash in my Cellar.

Jen. Now *Rafe*, to satisfy thee, things are better than thou think'st, for list up that Cloath, there's an *Indian Cabinet* worth 80 Pound sent me from *Rump-Enough* the *Dutchman*, in it *Indian Silks*, *Flanders Lace*, *Holland* and *Muslin* enough to Rig me like a Queen this 7 Years, and as many *Bank-Bills* as will twice pay *Goatherd* our Roguish Merchant.

R. O the Confounded *Low-Country* Miser ! Who could have thought it of him. But *Jenny*, What hast thou done for this ?-- A bold Question ! Ha--Well, no Matter.

Jen. Nay Sir, What am I to do for it, for that's the Matter ?

R. Why, that's as thou pleasest to make out.

Jen. Rafee, Don't look so surly ; Why that I can Child ; Look here !

R. Bless me ! it's his own Hand too, the plainest Instructions that ever Satan's Plenipotentiaries manag'd since *Amboyna*.

Jen. Yes, hearty ones, first to rob thee, get all the Money I cou'd, then to follow him to *Holland*, and for fear of thy Loving or Violent Temper to leave this Cordial Powder in thy Guts, which in a Week wou'd have sent thee to another World, as surely as a brace of Balls thro' thy Head ; he was his Crafts-Master, and had learnt it of his Country Men, when at their *Indian Batavia*, thither we were to go, and from thence to some Delightful *Islands*, where he was to Govern, and to be a Queen at least, till he was pleas'd to Spice my Porridge.

R. O hellish Usurer, this Cabinet and the Contents thereof were put to Interest for a Notable Return. But how didst get into his Confidence ?

Jen. By my Out-side, thro' his Eyes into his Heart, as he said, and by my Wit into his Imagination. He Sacramented I should out-blaze all *India*, that Monarchs would be proud to lie at my Feet : O my Conscience, now it comes into my Head, the Dog wou'd have sold me to some sad-Colour'd *Mamamouchi* ; He lov'd Money excessively, was above 50 Years old, and certainly had much more Occasion for that, than such a Thing as I. This Tide, and this Wind will in two days waft him to *Holland*, whither such a Scrole shall be sent, as may make him wish himself in *India* before that time, and perhaps make a farther Penny of him.

R. Content. Now *Jenny*, I'll tell thee what made our other Merchant, Sir *Flat-face Puppy*, scatter Words and Threats about my Credit, to make thee Uneasy, and endeavour to make me Ridiculous.

Jen. I'll be hang'd if 'twan't thy damned Wit.

R. Even so. Thou knowest he is a Knave, a Coward, and a peevish Ass ; One that I guess'd since to be his Concubine, lik'd my Person and Chat at the Wells, and was smart upon him. I knowing him, seconded it, compar'd him to a Monks Flat Phyz, in an old Cathedral Window, his *Bum* to a *Base-Viol* and his gate to a swimming Pig, and his whole Person, to the red and yellow Pictures of *Some body*, and *no body* in a Country Alehouse ; some Spy upon her I suppose publish'd it. I don't owe the Dog 50 *l*. and defy him.

Jen. Thou fool of a Wit ; employ thy Sense in thy Profession to get Wealth and Pleasure at other Peoples Expence, and joyn with me in carrying on our Happiness, and in order to it, I will ever be Loving to thee and Easy.

R. And silent ! And for thy sake I will be Diligent and Industrious.

Jen. And blind !--- Hold, What Noise is that in the next Room !

R. O my Soul, these Dogs the Drawers have left it open, some body came thither from to'ther Room. Ay by *Jove* ! A Gentleman in Red goes down Laughing, and puts a Paper and Pencil into his Pocket.

A Dialogue between Mr. Nehemiah Trap, a Reformer of Manners, and Capt. Flourish, an Officer in the Guards.

N. T. **W**ELL Captain, I am glad of the Honour of your Company to this Choice Glas of Wine. I wish I had as good Company to Entertain you with, as you had when you Treated me at the Tower.

Capt. F. Thank you Landlord; then send for your Wife.

N. T. O dear Captain, Would she were here, I'm sure she'd go all over the Town to wait on you; but she is at my Neighbour *Smuggle's* Child's Christning, he sent me this Wine; I'll assure you it never came near either Cooper's or Vintner's Cellar.

C. Fl. No, nor the Queen's Custom-house.

N. T. Pooh, no words---Sincerely, my Friend is as pretty a Trader as---

C. Fl. Ever sung *Psalms*, kept a *Sabbath*, or Cheated his *Prince* or *Neighbour*.

N. T. Well, we have it. No matter how.

Capt. Fl. As you have your Estates and Credit.

Neb. T. I'll say it sincerely, my Friend *Smuggle* is one of my *Brother Reformers*, and understands Godliness notably.

Capt. Fl. To the Plague of all that know him, that are not in the Secret of his Gains.

N. Trap. O Sir, Sincerely he was much mov'd, and really so was I, at the two Swearing young Ensigns at the Guard, and the black young Gentlewoman their Coz. that began Bumpers.

C. Fl. I plaid the young Rake and their Damsel at the Hypocritical Puppy; but sincerely Landlord of mine, for all your Reformation, you wou'd have met the *Bowfy Mademoiselle* privately; but the Jade was too Drunk to understand her own Interest.

N. T. Sincerely you Scandalize me; it was only to give her good Counsel; but however no words to my Wife.

C. Fl. No, no, if she knows you not, she understands her self I hope; but your brother Rogue, tho' he can stand a Chance Oath, or a Smutty word slipt in Gentlemens Company; yet you both cou'd dispence with most beastly Lewdness in his dirty Confederate Rogues of *Rumney Marsh*, and the two *Brandy Kentish* Strumpets, when you brought me Sick up in the Pleasure-boat.

N. T. O dear Sir, People that are Employed in business will have their Frolicks sometimes, and must be humoured.

C. Fl. But if a poor Officer that can't say his Life's his own for 3 Months, gets a Glas Extraordinary, Swears by Chance at some unmannerly Whelp, and goes Singing to his Lodging; then it's, O the Debauchery of these Soldiers! the *Protestant* Cause can never prosper with such Fighters for it; 'twas otherwise in the Protector's time; when Landlord, thou art sensible, I know thou comest home well loaden five days in the Week from the Tavern.

N. T. Ay with Moderation--

Capt. That is just on this side of Reeling, with 3 Bottles in your Guts, a grave Look, and a Hickup, and perhaps a Knavish Bargain in your Pocket-book.

C

N. T.

N. T. And you would not have a Man serious and follow his Dealing with Industry ?

Capt. No doubt, for you get by it. Faith Landlord, my Ensign would change his Colours for your Gains in the Company you are free of, and I would Swap my Commission for your Profits, in being a Top Parish Officer and Reformer, besides Gut-Stuffing, and Guzzle into the bargain.

N. T. Fy, fie, I sack no such matter---But who made you so wise Captain ?

Capt. Even your own bragging sweet Self in your Moderation, and your Spouse when you plague her with your Hypocrisy.

N. T. I wish she had a greater Sense of the *Protestant* Party and Reformation.

Capt. Fl. She is a Gentlewoman born, well bred, and sensible, and abhors the Canting and base Cruelty of your Reformers.

N. T. Well, you owe her a good word, you always have hers.

Capt. I thank her.

N. T. Nay seriously, since you have Lodg'd in my House, my Wife is twice as good Conditioned to me as she was before, and says you are the Orderliest Lodger in the World, and are always at Home when I am Sotting, as she calls it, at the Club.

Capt. Truly Mr. *Trap*, you are the greatest corrupter of Youth, and the most dangerous Person I come near; for I never drink more nor in worse Company than yours:

N. T. What think you of the several Gentlewomen that us'd to come to you 3 or 4 times a Week, to be Treated with your Cordial Water.

Capt. Pooh, my Soldiers Wives, Fool, that come about Business.

Neb. T. What! in Silks, Sattin and Silver, tho indeed sometimes a Handsome one would come like a Servant Maid.

Capt. My Soldiers, like *Smuggle* and you, have more Trades than one, and maintain them well.

Neb. Well, but since my Wife perswaded you, I thank you, you order them to come to you upon the Guard about business.

Capt. I am willing to make any Family easie where I am.

N. T. Ay, Heavens reward you for it, that I have found. Come, here's honest *Smuggle's* Health.

Capt. Ay, his Wives with all my Heart. Why are not you Gossip ?

N. T. He would have had me, but Mrs. *Smuggle* would have young Mr. *Smyrna* the *Turkey* Merchant's Beau Prentice, and Monsieur *de la Fripponniere* the French Merchant.

Capt. What, that Synagogue fac'd *Hugonot*, that from a Footman became a Pocket Pedlar for Table-books and Tweezers at Noblemens Levys, then a Peruke-Maker and Wine-brewer, next an Alamode Runner, and now dub'd a Merchant.

N. T. O dear Captain, you come too home to Folks Originals, you are a notable Satyrical Wit. I sack, I love Sharpness; and my Wife says you are like the *Plain Dealer* in the Play, and for that she values you.

Capt. She is so far in the right, that I am as great a Bubble and Fool as he, and am as often teased with damned Company; But why are not you at the Christning?

N. T. For five Reasons, my dear Capt. First, my *Nelly* ordered me to Treat you. Next, there is one I do not care to see till a Scurvy business is made up between us. Thirdly, Mrs. *Smuggle* rails at me ever since our *Kentish* Voyage with

with those merry Women, which she got an *Item* of; And next I expect three Constables, five Informers, and my *Bratther Reformer* Justice *Peerwell*; and then an old rich Merchant's only Son is to have some Dealings with me, and Coll. *Plater of Spring-garden*.

Capt. Really all very good ones: I was Invited, but would not go; the Men I don't like, and the Women I can wait on another time, and to Night must go to *Windsor*.

Neb. Come, *Captain*, here's to the Confederates.

Capt. Ay the Queen's Health with all my Soul, and Prosperity to her Arms.

N. T. Oh *Captain*, if your Success in War went on as briskly against the French, as our Reformation of Manners does against Whores, Swearers, and *Sunday Taverns*, it would be brave.

Capt. Nay I wish we could lay the *French* and *Spanish* under as good Contribution, as you do your sinful Tributaries, and it would save 12 *d.* in the Pound Tax at least.

N. T. Supposing it true; the Wicked should be punished all manner of ways.

Capt. Not with greater Wickedness; for, Conniving at Sin for Gain, Selling of Justice, ensnaring of Innocents, and often Oppressing those who have no Money; putting some into such Places of admirable Improvement, that those who went in only *Whores*, come out *Whores* and *Thieves*, is as bad as the Crimes they are Committed for.

N. T. Zeal for Reformation may be excused, if it carry a Man a little too far.

Capt. Yes, to the fulfilling his Pride, Malice, and Ill-nature, as well as his Covetousness.

N. T. So-- Satirical *Captain*; And have you nothing to say against strict keeping the Sabbath?

Capt. No Mr. *Jew*, you have my free Leave to go to the Devil as painfully as an *Indian Jogue*, or a *Capuchin Fryer*. Only of all things a Generous Temper abhors a Hypocrite.

N. Would you have no Reformation?

Capt. Yes, our Laws are good and ought to have better Executors of them, than such as you.

Neb. Very sharp.

Capt. No. Very true. You may seem another Man to your Brethren, who won't know you; or your Bubbles, who don't know you; or your Subjects who dare not know you. But my dear Landlord, Here's to thy own Reformation and Health. I do know thee.

Neb. No matter, but I have so good a Cause as I dare Argue it out with you. Come, dear *Capt.* put off your Journey to *Windsor* till to Morrow. I have a Neat Supper; here is more of this Wine; my Wife is a coming, and she shall be Judge.

Capt. Content, provided you Teaze me no more with your Seizing, Gaoling, Fining, Whipping, and Reformation.

Neb. Agreed. *Smuggle* and I will put off our going down the River till four a Clock to morrow Morning. Shall I send for him?

Capt. No--- As good Friends as we are, and as much as I love Diversion, I won't trust my self with Two of you at a time together; and then we should not be upon the Square neither, unless I could get *Titus Oke* the late Lord *Sunderland* or the Devil to keep my back-hand.

Neb. Good *Capt.* do not Abuse the Preservers of the Protestant Party.

Capt. I beg your Pardon, you are all *Protestants* alike.

Neb. But *Capt.* Could you harbour such a Thought as to imagine we would betray or injure you?

Capt. I believe you would not; but *WE* might; Assemblies of you cannot blush. I once saw in *Wales* a Generous, Stout Maltiff, for one Grumble only, torn to pieces by a Herd of well Acorn'd, and I suppose Reforming Hogs. The best of which single would not have stood one Snap of him, but have run away Cowardly, Grunting and Squealing, like you *Manners Blend*ers.

Neb. Envy it self could not take hold of you.

Capt. Yes, and Perjury too. I could quote some Evidences who endeavour'd to return a Halter for the Relief of themselves and Family starving, as *Lancashire Lunt*. Those of Magistracy, as *W---* once Mayor of *D---*, and till lately in another Post too good for him, who would have Imprison'd, and may be Hanged, as far as in him lay, one that in time of Peace brought a Letter, only sent to her from his only Brother, one of higher Titles (with the Addition of *Tyburn* to 'em) who betrayed Conversation and occasioned much Mischief to one of the Greatest and most Successful Generals of our Nation; but the Rogueries of your Party are innumerable. O! here's your Wife.

Between *Capt. Fl. Mr. Neb. Trap*, and *Mrs. Trap*.

C. F. M Adam, I am glad you are come.

Mrs. M And I am as glad I am come from such Odious Company, to so good.

Neb. Nelly, thou art to be Judge between the Captain and I about Reformation of Manners. The *Capt.* has put off his Journey. I've got a good Supper, and We'll enjoy our selves.

Mrs. T. If you don't sour it with the Relation of your Noble Campaign to *Trappanning*, *Fajls*, *Whippings*, and *Robbing* at the Head of your *Mirmidon Informers*, and *Catch-Poles*.

Capt. No Madam, You are to see fair play, he is to maintain his Cause decently, and has promis'd to Teize us no more with it.

Mrs. T. With all my heart; nay I could bear with all his wicked Stuff for your Conversation; upon my Life I have need of something Agreeable, I'm almost burst with the Vapours, rais'd by abominable Doings at the Christning.

Capt. Madam, Won't a Relation of the Impertinences continue them?

Mrs. T. No: You Men will be apt to say I am so much a Woman, that Reflections upon the *Ridicule*, will be a *Prescription* to contribute to the *Cure*.

Neb. Now are we going to have my *Brother Smuggle* pull'd to pieces, because he is no Roistering Spark; but the Comfort is, he is a Man of Substance.

Mrs. T. A man of the Devil! --- Substantially wicked, I'm sure.

Capt. I hope your Relation will be a Lesson to *Mr. Trap*, to shew how Wealth that's Got Knavishly, is Spent as Foolishly.

Mrs. T. You Two were expected, for the People there were a Select Company, as he call'd it, at this private Christning. First The *Occasional Divine* that can dispence with the Cross, and all Ceremonies and Order as well as Honesty.

Honesty: Then Spruce Mr. *Smyrna*, Monsieur de la *Fripponniere*, *Mongrell* the Inn-keeper, and *Owler* of *Rumney Marsh*; Mrs. *Goggle* the Mrs. of the *Phanatick Boarding-School*, *Rachel* her Leering Daughter, and *Satanago* the Jew.

Capt. What a Jew at a Christian's Baptism, O monstrous!

Mrs. Tr. Nay I believe he would have had him been Godfather.

Capt. Why not; we've lately seen Jews made Embassadors and Knights.

Mrs. Tr. Truly then I interpos'd, and was forced to Swagger down right with the Beast *Smuggle*, to have him kept out of the Room during the Service, while in the mean time, as I guess'd by the bustle over head, he was Ruffling one of the Maids.

Neb. We go to their Ceremonies; Why should not they come to ours?

Capt. Nay thou countest them both alike.

Mrs. Tr. When I urg'd and repeated to him it was a Shame to Christianity, he replied as fast, He was a good Man, and worth 30000 Pound.

Neb. Were you well Treated?

Mrs. Tr. Most profusely: Mrs. *Smuggle* and *Smyrna* had order'd it nicely, only *Fripponniere* that was never brought up to anything but *Barly-Bread*, *Garlick*, and *Wooden Shoes*, with his French Impudent Nonsense found fault with every thing, till I was forced to take him up a little roundly about his own Original and Education, and I think I work'd a Miracle, that is, Silenced him, and put a mixture of *Brick Colour* into his *Phillamot Countenance*.

Capt. What become of the *Levite*?

Mrs. Tr. He Eat and Drank devoutly, receiv'd his Present, squeez'd and whisper'd Mrs. *Rachel* most vehemently, made an Assignment with her, and went his way first.

Neb. Thou art to Censorious.

Mrs. Tr. They were too Foolish, for she pull'd out a Table-Book and Scribbled, and he call'd for a Pen and Ink below Stairs, before he went out, so fearful were they both to forget the precious Moment.

Neb. What was thy Part?

Mrs. Tr. I'll tell you, Mr. *Inquisitive*; Beau *Smyrna* made Love to me with ends of Tag'd Lines, shewing his Teeth, and Diamond Ring, which with a fine parcel of *China*, and a rare Pad, he said he would present me; I very honestly and innocently went and told Mrs. *Smuggle*, to ask her Advice.

Capt. Good, and she fell into Fits.

Mrs. Tr. Exactly; So poor *Smyrna* fled the Pit, and was forced to go down Stairs and Drink in his own defence:

Neb. What became of *Fripponniere*?

Mrs. Tr. I told you before, he had too much of my Conversation, as he call'd it, but the Tawny Satyr finding Mrs. *Rachel* engag'd, flew at the old Midwife and Mrs. *Goggle*, hugg'd them up most vigorously, and after an admirable medly of Discourse of railing at the English making Love, and Persecution, it ended in an appointment of a private Meeting with *Goggle*, which Mrs. *Smuggle* over-hearing Scolded as vehemently at him, as before she Cry'd about *Smyrna*.

Capt. Grammecy, pious Refugee, he flies as briskly at Game of all Ages, as he does at all sorts of Trade, Diamonds and old Shoes.

D

Neb

Neh. How did my Brother *Smuggle* behave himself?

Mrs. Tr. Why he talk'd impudently to *Mrs. Goggle*, and she answer'd him with as lewd Meanings in the Godly Phrase; he prais'd the Resemblance of his Child, which was no more like him than I am to a Negro, 'twas the Picture of *Smyrna*; and then went down to drink with the *Jew*, the *Owler*, and his Pimp the Livery Stables-Man by *Moor-fields*:

Capt. What pity it was you could not hear their blessed Conversation!

Mrs. Tr. Yes, indeed I did, for I got into *Mrs. Smuggle's China-Closet* in the drawing Room, and heard all; but such a Confusion of Villanous Stuff did I never hear before; the *Kemish* Fellow Swore like a Tinker, and Sung Songs as Nasty as himself.

Neh. Did not my Neighbour reprove him?

Mrs. Tr. Yes, till he began to publish some of *Smuggle's* Female Adventures, for which his Champion the Horsecourser and he had like to have gone to Loggerheads but then they came to a Composition; for the *Owler* by the help of a preparative Mornings Draught of Punch fell asleep, and Spew'd upon the *Damask* Couch

Capt. How far'd the *Beau*? His Pippin Pate can't bear Drink.

Mrs. Tr. Drunk he was, and fell foul upon *Satanago* for his buying two *Phanatick* Fatherless pretty Sisters of *Mrs. Goggle*, they were her Half-boarders, she prefered them to him to be his Hand-Maids, one at his City, the other at his Country House.

Capt. VVhat said the Unbeliever?

Mrs. Tr. He cry'd it was meer Scandal, That they were to be Richly married to two of his Nation in *Holland*; and meer spight in *Smyrna*, because he had out-bid him, and got from him the Exchange VVoman's fair Hair'd Prentice Girl.

Capt. A very whimsical Controversy!

Mrs. Tr. The *Beau* then swore he'd Cuckold the *Hebrew* with all three of them; and the enraged *Jew* bid him if he durst, he'd get his Master and Father acquainted with his way of Living; and what was worse, swore in *French*, which the others understood not, That he would let *Mrs. Smuggle* know of his Intentions, which immediately silenced the *Beau*.

Neh. The Frenchman staid above?

Mrs. Tr. Yes, till he had made his Peace with a Gold Snuff-Box; but I believe it will cost poor *Smirna* all he proffered me, before his angry Lady Regent will receive him into Grace, she has a notable way of managing with her; one would not think one with no more Education than she had by being an Alderman's Ladies Chamber-Maid, should be such a Politician.

Capt. O Madam, the Lady has, I presume, a double stock of Love about her, she is doubly or trebly Mann'd to dispose of that Treasure, and must needs have a double Portion, of what you call high Spirit, to govern her Subjects.

Mrs. Tr. What do you call it, Captain?

Capt. We Men are uncomplaisant Creatures, and may give it the course Name of Devilism.

Neh. Right, Captain, sincerely a Woman might be contented with Letchery, and not add Malice, Wrath, and Covetousness to it.

Mrs. T. Foul Mouth, hold your scurvy Tongue. When the Monsieur came down,
Smyrna

Smirna was sent for up; but, I guess, the business was not ended, for he's to have his Charge tomorrow, when *Smuggle* goes out of Town.

Capt. How did *Fripponniere* make up the Chorus?

Mrs. Tr. Most admirably; for from *Ribaldry* above Stairs, *Drink* put him into a Fit of Zeal below, he Drank, he Swore, and talk'd Bawdy, and and all for the Protestant Religion, Contradicted every body, Interrupted all that spoke, till he and the Jew fell into a close Conference in French, about Pimping for an old Peer, and bubling a Countess in a Diamond Necklace; and then I left them Drunk, *Mrs. Smuggle* in Fits for her Lovers, *Mrs. Goggle* in Vapours for too much Liqueur, and *Rachel* stealing from her, and the Midwife asleep.

Neb. What say you to our Argument?

Mrs. Tr. Hold, Sir, none of your Fustian till after Supper, it may chance to vex me.

Capt. You see, Madam, what reason I had, not to be there considering the Company.

Mrs. Tr. Very true, either the Fops Impertinence, the Frenchman's Impudence, or the rest of the Knaves might have provok'd your Resentment, for they have no more Manners than Honesty, or else you'd have sat silent, for your Conversation with them would have made as unnatural a peice of Patchwork as Vevet and Brocade upon a Hop-Sack.

Neb. But sincerely, *Satanago* is Master of Languages, and an ingenious Fellow.

Mrs. Tr. So is many a Fellow in *Newgate*, must he therefore be Convers'd with.

Neb. He is very Rich, who knows but he may be Knighted?

Mrs. Tr. Not in this Reign, I'm sure, *Englisk* Honours will no more be prostituted to Foreign Wretches and Infidels.

Capt. I heard that upon my Lord *Ready-Money Gridiron's* getting the Jew Knighted, a Wag writ a Congratulatory Discourse between three Knights, Sir *Loyn*, Sir *Reverence*, and Sir *Solomon Medina*.

Mrs. Tr. I fancy it will make a pretty Figure in History hereafter, especially when a *Dutch* Tapster improv'd into a Gamster, should be farther improv'd into a Baronet for being a private Spy, and a publick Adulterer; when Titles and the Noblest Ensigns of Honour are given to such as have no Father, or--- *Mr John Germain*

Capt. Sacred Robes to a Foreigner that has no Religion.

Mrs. Tr. Right, Captain, it will look as Ridiculous as putting the Sinews of War into the Hands of a Profligate Unaccountable, as well as Unaccounting Bankrupt.

N. You are a Fool, forsooth; What care People for Satyr when they have Money?

Capt. VVell said, Mammon; And do these Money-mongers care for any but themselves? VVhat good will the Jew's or *Smuggles* VVealth do you? I dare say, neither will make you their Heir, nor because they are wealthy can you hope to buy a better Bargain of them, indeed by joining in indirect Practices with them, they may clap a *Leven* into that part of your Wealth that is honestly gotten.

Mrs. Tr. True, Captain, I will have Conversation, aye and Dealing too, left off with them both, especially *Smuggle*, and rather than want of Profit should be an Excuse, I, for my share of it, will go in Sack-Cloath, feed upon Ship-Bisquet, and lie in a Thatcht Cottage rather than have the Reputation of my Husband Linck'd with that of two such Villains.

Capt. Fairly Offer'd, Madam. Faith, Mr. *Trap*, you'll not find many such VVives; I am sure *Smuggle* would not do so.

Neh. VVell, I agree to it, and must own, That with such Gain, there are such Hazards that shall be nameless, which I'll run no longer.

Mrs. T. For *Mrs. Smuggle*, it was my Husbands importunity made me acquainted with her; The violent Temper, base Principles, and foul Feeding of that Lady, made me ever have an Aversion for her.

Capt. Some such Spouses, I suppose, gave occasion to that old *Language'd French Sonnet Monsieur Bruyere* praises so much, it is a good one, and I promised you to get it translated, because, tho' a Satyr on your Sex, you lik'd it.

Mrs. T. O good Caprain! I'm sure you did not go far to have it done.

Capt. Don't Scandalize me with the Imputation of Rhime.

Mrs. T. I remember I have heard you quote a *Spanish* Saying, That a Gentleman was an *Ass* that could not make a *Stanza*, and a *Coxcomb* if he made a *Hundred*. As well as I love it, I think *Poetry* is an agreeable Accomplishment, but a very Contemptible Trade. Come, let's see the Translation.

Capt. Here, only mind the *English* has an old Turn of Language, because of the Subject. *Bruyere*, p. 239 *Rondeau*.

(crit
De Cettuy Preux maints grands Clercs ont e-
Qu'onques dangier n'estonna son Courage,
Abuse fut par le malin esprit,
Qu'il espousa sous Feminin Visage.

Si piteux cas ala fin decouvrit,
Sans un seul brin de peur uy de dommage,
Dont grand renom par tout le mond acquit,
Si qu'on tenoit tres honeste langage

De Cettuy Preux.

* Bien lost apres fille de Roy s'eprit
De son amour, qui voluntiers s'offrit.
Au bon Richard en second Mariage,
Donc 'sil vaut mieux ou Diable ou femme avoir
Et qui des deux brnit plus en menage,
Ceux qui voudront si le pouront scavoir

De Cettuy Preux.

Of this Bold Knight great Clerks have written,
No Danger could abate his Courage;
Altho' the Devil, much unwitting,
In Woman's Shape he took in Marriage.

At length he found this cruel Spright;
And tho' at once both Wed and haunted,
He was not at it one bit daunted.
For which great Praise won this Bold Knight.

It so fell out a King's fair Daughter,
Lov'd, woo'd, and married him soon after.
Now which of these in Married life
T' have Spouse or Spright was less'r Evil,
Which prov'd most conjugally Civil.

Either the Fiend that plaid the Wife,
Or else the Wife that plaid the Devil,
Who ere wou'd know this matter right,
May, if they please ask this Bold Knight.

N. Very well; seriously a notable Question.

Mrs. T. You're a notable Judge. I believe Supper's ready; but pray *Mr. Trap*, don't let us be interrupted by any of the Brutes that us'd to come to you at this time of Night.

N. I have left word below I'm abroad; tho' the whole *Posse* of the *Reformers* should come, or *Coll. Plater* either.

Mrs. T. O blest me, have you Dealings with that Villain? I must have him and all his doings put into the Stipulation with his Yoake-Mate *Smuggle*.

Capt. Right, Madam. And, Sir, if I should chance to see you with that Scandal of Mankind, you will give me leave to disown you?

Neh. Ay, ay, I don't appear publickly with such Folks--- But here is our Supper.

Capt.

Capt. Flourish, Mr. Trap, and Mrs. Trap.

Mr. T. **N**ow, *Captain*, will you not own that the Land needs Reforming from Swearing, Whoring, Drinking and Sabbath-breaking, of the Soldier and Gentry?

Capt. Yes, as well as from the *Lying, Cheating, Forswearing, Hypocrisy, Envy, Heresy, and Constant Moderate Bibbing* of the Trading Sober part of the Nation.

N. T. We put our helping Hand to Reformation, if you did your Endeavour so---

Capt. Every one speak in his own Station. My Soldiers dare no more Swear in my Presence, than your Prentice in yours; and when my Subalterns, or Staff Officers give me the Character of an Incorrigible foul Mouth'd Swearer, he is Stript and Cashier'd for a Profligate.

N. T. But *Whoring, Captain, Whoring*, How is that Punished?

Capt. By the *Pox, Trap, the Pox*; That is a Feat is seldom done in Publick, but if a Rake does discover his Sin by the Punishment, then (as it is said in *Sir Fopling*) I assure you he Rots for an Example.

N. T. But the *Sabbath*----

Capt. When they are upon Duty, they don't break it, and when off, the Churchwardens and Constables look after them like other People, and I believe there are as many Prentices and Journeymen taken and punished, as Soldiers; As for Drinking, much more, for they have more Money to spend out of Two Shillings or Half a Crown a day, than a Soldier his Two Pence out of Six for *Geneve*, or now and then a Cup of good Liquor out of 2 s. from a Horseman.

N. T. And the Officers who looks after them?

Capt. I can answer but for one positively, but can give a pretty good Guess at those I think worth my Friendship and Acquaintance. Come *Mr. Trap, ad Hominem* [*Laughs*] let your Lady be judge who is wickedest of us two.

Mrs. T. Thank you *Captain* for your Complement, a fine Office to make me sit Umpire and Chief Justice upon Sin.

Capt. No Madam, I make your Breast the Court of Equity for Innocence, and stand so much on my Justification, that I appeal as far as Appearances, (and that's what he most covets to save) even to the Spouse of his Bosom, one who is a Gentlewoman and no Reformer.

Mrs. T. The Name makes me sick and choaks me with the Spleen. I think the *Capt.* may as well go to his General's Levée, air himself on Horse-back, or in a Coach, and make innocent Visits, as you retire to be serious, that is over-hawl and cast up the Books and Accounts of the whole Week, write Letters, or consult with the other two of *Belzebubs* Triumvirate, *Smuggle*, and *Satanago*.

Mr. T. I go to Church, and give a good Example.

Capt. Yes *Mr. Occasional*, and as often to a Schismatical Meeting, where, for ought you know, the Wretched un-ordain'd *Canter* may be a *Jesuite*, and you write Sermons too.

Mr. T. Prais'd be Heaven I can, and repeat them to my Family.

Capt. Remember who was overlook'd when the Text in your Sermon-Book was the good Ship *Rebecca*, whom God preserve, bound to *Pensylvania* with the Invoices and Bills of Lading.

Mr. Tr. Scandal---

E

Mrs. Tr.

Mrs. Tr. Truth, for I'm a Witness to it as well as the Captain.

Mr. Tr. I suppose you'd fain have Musick a *Sundays*.

Mrs. T. Not so fain as you'd have it out of the Cathedrals; but pray is not an Innocent Air on the Violin, as harmless as two Dozen Pipes of Tobacco extraordinary on a *Sunday*, when your *Reformation* don't let you go a Pinting, as you do all the Week.

Mr. Tr. This is Uncharitable.

Capt. Nay *Trap*, I'll commend thy Zeal, rather than Charity, that will sooner give five Shillings to have a poor Devil Whip'd or Stock'd, than six pence to Relieve a poor Starving Family.

Mr. Tr. And the Play-Houses.

Capt. There's much to be said against them, and something for them, only, I have observ'd the Closest Bargains have been made between *Damsels* and grave *Camblet Cloaks* in the *Middle Gallery*, and Un-Sworded *Esquires* and Mask'd *Lady Errants* in the *Pit*, and the Passages to it.

Mr. Tr. And all the Ladies of *Drury-Lane*, *Covent-Garden*--- *Capt.* Wou'd quickly go to Service, hard Labour, or the Plantations, if the wealthy Contributions from Sly, grave, Transgressors, did not uphold them; A Rake can't pay, and his very Acquaintance blows up the little gawdy Sinner.

Mr. Tr. Well, What wou'd you Reform in Us People of Business?

Capt. First, the imprudent Education of your Children, you either breed 'em *Fops*, or private *Rakes*; and open *Hypocrites*, make the young Fellows Prove without *Brains* and *Sense*, and the worst *Husbands* in the World. And the young Women Half-bred, Vain and Proud, and the worst Wives in the Universe.

Mr. Tr. What for our Wives!

Capt. They Marry for Covetousness and Vanity, and are justly punish'd for it in you. I'll leave you and *Mrs. Trap* to read *Lectures* on all the *Mrs. Smuggles* of your Acquaintance.

Mr. Tr. What else?

Capt. Let your *Sons* and *Prentices* leave off their Galloping *Horses* and *Hunters*.

Mrs. T. Their Expensive Journeys.

Capt. Yes, till they learn to Cheat as well as Trade by Whole Sale, that is, break Their *Epsom* Expeditions, and all the little *Bawdy Inns*, and *Warren-Houses* about *Epping-Forrest* and *Enfield-Chace*. Not forgetting some Naval Expeditions.

Mrs. Tr. Ay Sir--? Then I am resolv'd you shall Sell your Share in that cursed Yatch.

Capt. Look you Neighbour *Trap*, if you Cheated her Majesty in her Customs no more than I in my Musters, you need not be in Subjection to several dirty Rascals.

Mrs. T. Leave off that odious Practice, or by my Life, I'll peach thee my self, tho' I starve.

Capt. Then for the Jews. *Mr. Trap*, they are no Reformers.

Mrs. Tr. I dare Swear--- *Capt.* Let their Brother Knaves take them to Task with their Servants, Wenches, and Concubines; they're not content to make them forfeit their Virtue and Modesty, but they must farther *Debauch* them, to clench their *Damnation*, and renounce their *Christianity*.

Mrs. T. O horrible! *Capt.* You'll hear more of that hereafter; a Generous Convert from them has promis'd to lay open the Iniquities of Satan's Factors, that Trade by Commission from the Devil. There are as many Laws in force against *Judaism* as *Whoring*.

Mrs. T.

Mrs. T. What was thy Chief End in making thy self a Publick Nuisance, that is such a kind of Reformer?

Capt. I'll spare him the Labour of Speaking and Blushing too, it was to be before-hand with the World, that it might not observe him: to gain the Confidence of a Party he thought most to his Interest: to be talk'd of for such things, rather than for Closer, I do not say worse.

Mrs. T. Yes, his Breeding, first under a *Phanatick Master*, and afterwards his *Education* in that Virtuous Place, *Amsterdam*, had rarely fitted him for it.

Capt. He found it was easier to be a Censurer of other People, and a Pharaisaical *Sabbath Keeper*, than a Man of Justice.

Mr. T. Sir, I read good Books, and enquire into Religion:

Capt. Have a care of your enlarg'd Thoughts, your *Dutch* and *Scotch* Linsey-Woolsey Divinity. There are many of you that Coxcomically aim at Learning, and Read without Guides, till you have blunder'd thro' all Reveal'd Religion. A *Deist* is a Jewel to many of you; but it's not fit to publish what I know on that Subject.

Mrs. T. By my Life, *Mr. Trap*, you're worsted. Come, take our Advice, Live like an *Englishman*, a good Natur'd Man, and a Gentleman, reform your self.

Capt. And if a Preacher in Red that desires to be thy Friend, may be believ'd, thou wilt find an easy Temper, a clear Conscience, a sound got Estate, much more comfortable than the Applauses of Villains, indirect Dealings, and the Cries and Curses of the Oppress'd.

Mrs. T. Captain, we have conquer'd, he's gone confounded; I'll pursue the Blow, and I hope he'll be convinc'd, and Honest, and Easy, and I Happy hereafter.

A DIALOGUE between Charles Classick, a Master of Arts of one of the Universities, and Mrs. Mary Topping, a Lady's Woman. The Copy of a LETTER sent by her to her Sister Eliz. Wife to a London Trades-Man. With the following Dialogue.

Dear Sister.

I Hope you will with this receive what you desir'd me to send you from the Land of Learning: I had a most Talkative Voyage, of which for the Ridicule of it, I here send you a Description. The day I staid here for our Coach, was so foul, there was no Walking, and I had no Books, and had seen enough of the University formerly, and therefore Employ'd my self in Writing the following Dialogue, between my Fellow-Traveller and my self. I mention but one, tho' you left me with three, for two were Mutes; he was a young Mr. of Art, whose Picture you shall have; the other was an old Clothier's Wife that came to London, to be Cur'd of Deafness; but return'd just as she came, having been Bubl'd by a Quack of Five Pounds, and gravely told to as much Purpose, six several times, by Two Eminent Coll. Physic. that her Case was Difficult, and in three long Bills directed as much Physick as came to Ten Pounds; but the old Woman said, when she came home, she'd light her Pipe with 'em. The other was a Rustick of Fifty, whether Grazier or Farmer, I know not, who left us whenever we stop'd, to Drink with the Coachman, Tapster, and Oastler, had the Manners to take off his Spurs, and not Smoak in the Coach; and which was better than all, not

Speak four Words in all the time, so that my Conversation was wholly with the Scholar, who as soon as they took me up, was very Civil. You know, dear Betty, my Memory is good, and you may guess this Dialogue is pretty exact. My kind Love and Service to my Brother ; and with many Thanks for my kind Entertainment, and all your Favours. I am, Dear Betty,

Thy Affectionate Sister,

M. T.

I send thee this Enclos'd, to let thee and my Brother thy good Spouse, see my Sentiments at large, and what Reason I've had so often to refuse the Proffers of learned Lovers, since one, not unacceptable in his Appearance, cou'd say so little for himself and his unprofitable way of Education and Life, to one so illiterate and un-experienc'd as my self.

Ch. Cl. **M**Adam, your humble Servant, I'm glad of your good Company ; a Fellow Traveller of your Fashion will make me Amends for my five Miles Pennance.

Mrs. T. Sir, I believe your Pennance will continue, for Women generally help to make your Sex Uneasy, at least if we may believe you.

Ch. Cl. Why Madam, that's as they are ; but my Deaf and Dumb Neighbour wou'd make a much better Wife than a Companion.

Mrs. T. Then you think they can't be found in one. God help our Sex since the Generality of Mankind have such an Opinion of us ; it's in vain for us to hope for one that's a Husband and Friend.

Ch. Cl. Madam, Education fits Mankind for Friendship, your soft Sex is design'd for Love.

Mrs. T. O wretched ! If both Love and Friendship are not so united both in Man and Woman, as never to be parted. But, Sir, I never experienc'd either, Love has not yet reach'd me, I frankly own ; Nor have I ever found such a Treasure as a Friend, but in my Relations ; Yet I should be glad to be inform'd what sort of Education that is which fits your Sex for so Noble a Thing as *Friendship* is describ'd to be in the few Books I've read.

Ch. Cl. Why Madam, Do you ever read ?

Mrs. T. Sir, it's suppos'd I don't always say my *Prayers* without Book.

Ch. Cl. But I mean, Madam, for Improvement of the Mind.

Mrs. T. That I can't tell ; What if only for Amusement and Diversion ?

Ch. Cl. O Madam ! That indeed best becomes your Lovely Sex, and most Lovely self, the rest should be left to us.

Mrs. T. O barbarous ! This is like *Julian* the Apostate ; you'd use the Women as bad as he did the *Christians*, and deprive them of the Advantages of Learning.

C. C. Lord Madam, you are vers'd in Antiquity ! Don't you understand *Latin* ?

Mrs. T. Really no Sir, I have not that Happiness.

Ch. Cl. It is a Happiness indeed which I often pity you Women have not for your Improvement.

Mrs. T. Does it make one Wittier or Wiser ?

Ch. Cl. O yes, by knowing the Antient Poets, Orators, and Philosophers.

Mrs. T.

Mrs. T. Sir, That's their Wit and Wisdom you read, and not yours ; but we have it in their Translated Books. Must their Sense always go along with their Language ?

Ch. Cl. Ever Madam, the Spring head, the Fountain is only to be valued, and those who imbibe from thence.

Mrs. T. Then there never was a Witty or Wise Man, or one to be valued, but who understood *Latin* or *Greek* ?

Ch. Cl. Very true, the others are but a sort of Superficial Fellows, that only take things upon Trust.

Mrs. T. Sir, with Submission, to pass away half an Hour of this ill Weather, I'll Discourse this Matter a little ; but I've one Favour to ask.

Ch. Cl. Any Madam, you may command me entirely. But what ?

Mrs. T. That is, that you'll keep your Temper ; for I have heard a Noble Friend of my Father's say, That he never met with Learned *Latin* and *Greek* Scholars, that ever cou'd have Patience when their Venerable Antiquity, *Latin* and *Greek* Languages were attack'd.

Ch. Cl. Then he was an illiterate Wretch, and understood them not ; How else durst he attempt such Impudent Nonsense ?

Mrs. T. Look you Sir, how true a Prophet am I ? You see you are not Proof against it. Your Darlings and Favourites are no more to be touch'd, than a Substantial Merchant's Credit, or a Soldier's Point of Honour.

Ch. Cl. Ha, ha, ha ! Madam, you've Caught me I own ; but it's what hither-to I'm a stranger to. I humbly beg your Pardon, you have free Liberty to Scoundrel the most Venerable *Homer*, *Aristotle*, *Virgil* and *Horace*, and Scout the Sacred Languages down to the degree of the Clucking of the *Cape of Good Hope*, *Hottentots* or *Gipsies* Cant ; and use the Teachers and Readers of the Antient Sages as Scurvily and unmercifully as---

Mrs. T. A Witty Woman does a mere Scholar. But Sir, this Gentleman I mention'd, was both the Ornament, and a Happy Instrument of the State, a brave Soldier, a Wise Senator, Speaking and Writing three or four Languages of *Europe*, a Traveller, and most useful Mathematician.

Ch. Cl. What ! and not understand *Euclid* ?

Mrs. T. Again Sir ? May he not understand the Nature of a Circle, or a Triangle, and Employ them to the Benefit of Mankind without the very Words and Language of *Euclid* ; he was in Years when I saw him, and I not ten Years of Age, and yet so Universal, Pleasant, and Agreeable a Man, that we Children as much admir'd him as our Parents.

C. C. This is a single Instance.

Mrs. T. That's enough to make it possible ; but had you convers'd with the World half so much as your Authors, you'd find Numbers in the Glory and Prop of our Nation, Navigation, and in the Revenues, Privy Council, Army, Engineers, &c. The *French* King did not fetch *Turene* or *Luxemburg* from the College ; Nor are his Forts, his Havens, and mighty Works built by School-masters, *Horace-Mongers*, or *Homerians*, and our Noble and Wonderful Sir *Walter Raleigh* went young into the World, and owed most of the Great Knowledge he had of *Greek* and *Latin*, to his barbarous Usage and Prison ; his Gallant Actions he performed without it.

C. C. You are a Historian too, and give Admirable Instances. Surely Madam, you must have read much.

Mrs. T. No truly Sir, and never one line of *Latin*.

C. C. But Madam, How came the Gentleman you mention'd, (who by your Ingenious Description must be a Great Man) to be destitute of the Learned Languages?

Mrs. T. As my Father told me, 'twas because he was bred under an Impudent ill natur'd Rascal of a School-Master, one so much a Clown himself, he either cou'd not find out, or hated the Gentlemen in another.

C. C. Madam, Scholars are not bred without Manners.

Mrs. T. Where shou'd they learn them? Among Lying, Orchard Robbing Boys, or by Smoaking and Ale-Bibbing, or Capping in a Quadrangle: but this *Latin* Thrasher, so Scourg'd and Buffeted Learning into him, that the Sound of *Latin* was as Terrible to him, as *Turkish* and *Arabique* is to a *Spanish* Sea-Coast Village at Midnight, when a small Fleet of *Moors*, with their Musquets, Cymetars, and Shackles surprize it. He hated a *Roman* as much as ever a *Russ* or *Polander* did a *Tartar*.

C. C. Smartly express'd, but Madam, the *Romans* were the Worthiest and Noblest People in the Universe.

Mrs. T. Yes, witness their Gladiators, and beastly Dealing with their best Prisoners of War. Not all the united Crimes of those Nations they call'd barbarous, ever came up to it. But Sir, I shan't disparage your Friends, whose Vertues you find in their own Poets; and the Christian Apologists, *Minutius*, *Felix*, *Tertullian*, *Arnobius*, &c. for they are in *French*. This Gentleman us'd to say, The Cry of Fire in a Ship, of Surprize and Slaughter in a Beat-up Quarter, which he afterwards experienc'd, made not that dismal Impression on him, as the Grammar Rules when rattled over him by this evil Genius of *Syntaxis*.

C. C. Madam, 'tis impossible to learn a Language without Rules and Grammar, and our Method of Teaching them.

Mrs. T. A general Expression was (how true I know not) That his wretched Master would have kept him seven Years, to learn to make Files, Axes, Hatchets, Saws, Plains, and Hammars to do a Work but of two Years, when he might have all his Tools made to his Hands. I guess'd at his Meaning, and imagine a Language was made before Grammar, that does but Polish the Work, and often spoil it. Pray Sir, how long were you at School?

C. C. Nine Years, Madam!

Mrs. T. And were not you Scourg'd and Beaten?

C. C. O Immoderately! Madam.

Mrs. T. What did you learn in that time?

C. C. *Latin* and *Greek*, and to write a pretty Scurvy Scholar's Hand.

Mrs. T. I suppose you speak them Accurately well.

C. C. O Madam, that's not usual, we don't speak them; that's a Custom but of some Foreigners; Perhaps by practice with them, I cou'd be brought to speak them; tho' not so Readily, yet in a more Accurate Phrase. But we pretend to Write and Understand an Author.

Mrs. T. Then for Speaking, you are to go to School again, I perceive. But had you Arithmatick and Geography?

C. C. That Madam, I learn'd since.

Mrs. T. Sir, I beg you'd pardon me the Impertinence of some Questions.

C. C. Your Ingenuity and Goodness commands me, Madam.

Mrs.

Mrs. T. Can you Speak, Read, and tolerably Write *French*?

C. C. Madam, I have eight Months since, by the Help of a *Grammar*, *Dictionary*, and a *French Refugee*, began to learn it, and can pick out the Meaning of an Easy Author; but I can't pretend in a Year or two to hope to speak or write it.

Mrs. T. Can you Design, or Paint, and Japan, or Distill?

C. C. One requires a Genius for it, and Practice, and a good Master; and the other I may know when I go through a Course of *Chimistry*.

Mrs. T. Can you Sew, Knit, Spin, Embroider, make Lace and Fringe; Silk and Wax-Work; Dance, Sing, Play on the Harpsicord, Raise Paste, Preserve!

C. C. Heavens! Madam, these are Womens Work.

Mrs. T. Yet all these, I may without Vanity say, in less than four Years, I learn'd, and never was once Scourged; and that you may not suspect any Extraordinary Genius; a Dozen more Girls learned almost the same, and as well. With almost any two of these, well apply'd to, I could gain an honest Livelihood in most parts of *England*, *Scotland*, *Ireland*, or the *Plantations*, where it's probable the Lot of a Native of *England* may fall; with *French*, I am a stranger in almost no Part of *Europe*. Sir, pray, should you be taken a Slave by an *Algerine*, or a *Sally Man*, who have not the Fear and Reverence of *Latin*, *Greek*, and their Authors before their Eyes, What could you do, to save your self from Drubbing?

C. C. Work and Dig if I had my Limbs.

Mrs. T. That a *Negro* could do as well, who had never been Nine years at School, to learn *Homer*, *Virgil*, *Horace*, and *Terence*. Suppose such a thing should happen (for to as easy bred, and as well born as you it has) Would you not willingly part with some of your *Metaphysicks*, *Logick*, old *Philosophy*, or *Latin* Poetry, to be able to make a *Horse-Shoe*, a *Saddle*, or a *Pair of Boots*, to help to gain your Liberty or Ease? And yet these are Learnt to Perfection in half the Time, and with half the Expence.

C. C. Madam, you have almost confounded me; but our Learning is for Ornament, and to Improve our Souls in Thought and Contemplation.

Mrs. T. We live in *England*, and speak *English*; and I think *Milton*, *Dryden*, and *Cowley*, are as good Garniture for a Discourse as your *Latin* Poets, if Ornament be your end; and our Souls by a few *Divinity* and *Moral* Books, may be better fitted for Reflections on a future State, and our present Being, than by either *Tully* or *Seneca*, they Spoke and Thought well; and we (Improved by *Divine Revelation*) Speak and Think much better. But Sir, should you chance not to get a *Parsonage*, or not take to *Physick*, or the *Civil Law*, What would you do with your Learning, even in *England*?

C. C. Get a *Curacy*, or Teach School, or be a *Tutor* to some Gentleman's Son.

Mrs. T. What might that gain you a Year?

C. C. Perhaps Forty, Fifty, or Sixty Pounds a Year.

M. T. What might your Father bestow on you a Year in order to your Learning?

C. C. Madam, at School for the Nine Years, from 12 to 20 *l.* a Year; and at the University, from 20 to 40 *l.*

Mrs. T. A hard Return for such Time and Expence! A good Workman of a *Smith* in our Neighbourhood, is not yet 30 Years of Age, has got 80 *l.* per *Ann.* Land, a *Sadler* 50, a *Tanner* 200. Two Masters of Ships, one a *West Indian*, the other a *Baltick* Trader, are Worth each 1500 *l.* All these, I've been

told, set out at the same time with my Brother, bred like you; but their Parents had the Grace to take them from Uncharitable Learning, and he with his Authors is not like to Improve his Moderate Estate a Penny, unless the Government will be pleased to give him a sort of a Gentleman's *Sine Cure*, called a Place.

C. C. Your Air and Face, Madam, made at first an Extraordinary Impression upon my poor Heart; but now your Wit and good Sense, your bright Soul has quite Enchanted me.

Mrs. T. There it is, we can't displease in Discourse, but all our Sex are Satisfy'd for our sakes; and if we chance to please, then Love is thrown about at our Heads, as some do *Greek* and *Latin* for want of real Knowledge.

C. C. Faith Madam, it's a sign I have a real Value for you, to Esteem you for making me an Ass, and showing I've been Bred, and spent my Time like a Fool.

Mrs. T. Well Sir, it's granted, I accept what you call your Esteem and Love.

C. C. Millions of Blessings and Ten Thousand Joys!--

Mrs. T. Hold---No Raptures, for I have no Fortune.

C. C. Your self alone is Heav'n and All---

Mrs. T. Which will not buy me a Twelve-penny Stuff Mantua, you a Pair of Shoes, or our Children Bread and Milk.

C. C. To gain such a Felicity, What wou'd I not Attempt! What must I be to gain you!

Mrs. T. A Ship-Carpenter.

C. C. Heav'ns! That's so foreign to my Education, that I must begin the World anew.

Mrs. T. So you must to be any thing to purpose, but that will always be of use in *England*; There if you Excel, you'll gain an Estate, Reputation, and the Comfort of being Useful; and a Satisfaction arising from all these, will go beyond the Empty, Ridiculous Pride of the most Towing Pedant.

C. C. You might inspire me!--

Mrs. T. Hold---Have a Care---I am afraid you're Infected.

C. C. On my Soul, Madam, I'm Sound and Wholesome, and---

Mrs. T. With Poetry, I mean, that word seems to be a Symptom. Have you not lost time enough with *Latin* Fustian?

C. C. Are you not sensible of the Power of Numbers, Noble Expression, and well imagin'd Truth. I heard you praise *Milton*, *Cowley*, and *Dryden*.

Mrs. T. Yes, I love it, and have been told our Language is as proper for it of all kinds as the most boasted of Old: So I love Musick extreamly, but I would not marry a Fidler.

C. C. To obtain you, Madam, that you might be the Reward of my Labour, I wou'd Study---

Mrs. T. Till you made your self very Dull. Take care of that, Observe and Read Mankind and your self; he that Encumbers himself up with other Folk's Stuff, has hardly room for his own. But what Insolence I am upon to instruct a Man of Education?

C. C. I wish some body with their well turn'd Thoughts had Instructed my Parents, who were Ambitious to make me a Scholar, and knew not what it was, or what good for. But Madam, since you are gone so far as to lay things before

before me in a light, I am infinitely pleas'd with, and what I knew not before ; For Heavens sake continue, pray tell me what you'd advise me to?

Mrs. T. You see I've had a fair Field of Ridicule, had you been full of your self; but since you are so good Natur'd as to accept of a *Missionaire* in Petticoats of 21 (for Sir, I'll as frankly own my Standing, as you your Degree.) I'll advise you the best I can, with what I can recollect from excellent Men and Women; for I have, thank God, Convers'd with much better and Wiser than my self. First, Sir, as I am a Christian, I must enforce the Virtues that belong to Christianity, among the rest Humility; You have had a Hint how little able you are to depend upon and Advance your self. Despise no man for want of Quickness of Parts, Reparty, or any thing of the Fashionable Waggy of the Place you are bred in.

C. C. What if my Genius soar above another's, Must the dull Animal have the Preference?

Mrs. T. I say that's no Consequence; but have a Care while you are making Verses and quaint Epigrams, he does not grow up to be a Man of Note, and use, while you make Epigrams and Verses still.

Mrs. T. Next have a care of *Envy* joyn'd with *Haughtiness*, Confine not Perfection to one Sett of Men, or their Particular way of Education; it's as absurd and ill-natur'd as the *Papists* with the Pale of their Church. You see how useless the best of your boasted Gawdy Toppings are.

C. C. How must I live in the World?

Mrs. T. By living in the World, and like one of it; and as it's presum'd you are soberly bred. Be so, let not the Nauseous Porterly Trick of Smoaking overrun you; your Noble Places are Accus'd of having it learnt there.

C. C. I think it for my Health, I cannot leave it.

Mrs. T. Ridiculous, Consult an Ingenious and unbiass'd Physf. He'll convince you to the Contrary; and if for *Physick* take it as a Vomit should be taken in its proper time and place. Endeavour to Converse and be acquainted with Men of Business, among them you'll find Conversation may be maintained, without the *Bottle* and *Glass* being the Essential part of the Company.

C. C. A chearful Glass with Moderation---

Mrs. T. ---Is an Excuse for frequent and nauseous *Bibbing*. Must a Man of Letters and Ingenuity be like a dry Pump, nothing to be got out of him till you pour Liquor into him: Were I one of you, I'd Scorn the briskness of my Wit and Mirth should be owing to any thing, but the Liveliness of my own Imagination.

C. C. No doubt, some Dull, Unconversable Fellows introduced the Custom.

Mrs. T. Yes, may be our Neighbours, who have left it, and we have kept and improved it. Why should a Man of Quality and Business, think going to a Tavern a Scandal; and you that think your self as Virtuous and more Learned, practise it? They seem to leave it to the Mobb of a higher Rank, I would Scorn to be reckoned one of the Number.

C. C. Open-hearted Friendship, and Hospitable Entertainment, were the first Occasion of this Good Fellowship; and I'm ashamed when I reflect how it's kept up by Clowns, or better Born People as Boorish. Madam, you are in the right, and even the beginnings of it should be carefully avoided.

Mrs. T. To parallel in our own Sex, that Gayety and Liberty of Conversation, the *French* call Coquetry, has nothing really Criminal in it at first, tho' it Intrenches upon Maiden Decency, (at least so it seems to us) but when continued, it often leads to Crimes, but certainly to Scandal.

C. C. Madam, may I beg to know who I am Oblig'd to for this Instructing and Delightful Conversation?

Mrs. T. Sir, I am as willing to let you and all the World know who I am, as you can be to know. My Father Coll. *Topping*, had a Handsome Gentleman's Estate, which he Ruined with his Loyalty in the Civil Wars, in which he was a Considerable Officer; the Remains of which maintains my Brother in an Idle Scholar's Life. My Mother died, and left my Sister and I very young. A Noble Lady bestowed good Education on us, and took us home to her; whence my Sister married to an Honest, Industrious Citizen; They live Lovingly, and God has bless'd them with a Competent Estate, still Encreasing. She it was brought me to the Coach, from a pretty little Seat they have Purchas'd. I am in the same Noble Family still, Respected as I'd wish; and am, thank God, Secur'd hereafter from the Injuries of the World, and Want in a Moderate, Humble, Single Life, by a bountiful settled Annuity. If ever I change my Condition, it must be to a Man of some Wealth, and I hope good Humour, else my small Maintenance will not Support us.

C. C. Madam, May I hope for the Continuance of your Friendship (I dare name no more, till I am Worthy of more) and the Favour of an Answer, if I should beg your Advice in order to Improvement, when Opportunity offers.

Mrs. T. With all my Heart, and the Assistance of any of my Acquaintance, to Serve you. But Sir, the same Question I must ask?

C. C. My Father was younger Brother to Sir *Humphrey Classick*, and by my Mother, who liv'd but Six Years, had my Elder Brother and my self. He spent his Days in Drinking and Hunting; but however he rather Encreas'd than Diminished his Estate of 250 *l.* a Year. He died six Years since, and left my Brother and me an Annuity out of it of 40 *l.* and a good Study of Books of my Grandfather's. My Brother has taken to Grazing, and is very Successful; and they that know his Concerns better than I, say he'll raise a Great Estate; he is Unmarried, Morose and Close-fisted to all the World but my self. Indeed I never disobliged him, and we always Lov'd. He generally encreases my Annuity to 60 *l.* His Quarrel to me is like your Reflections, for *Book-Idleness*, as he calls it. I am of no Foundation, and therefore must the sooner get out into the World, and my Brother says he will Assist me; but Patrons I know none, should I take Orders.

Mrs. T. By no means, Enter not into that Sacred Function without a Call in all Sences.

C. C. If Madam, your Soul (that has kindled me) can enliven me to be considerable in the World, and deserve your farther Favour, I then will wait on you out; and if in the mean time, some other Man is to be made Happier, I beg to have Notice of it.

Mrs. T. That I promise you. I think we have Chatted to our Journeys End. Sir,

Your Servant.

FINIS.

